

## The Irishman

As you opened the door of the Police Head Office in Punda, Willemstad, Curacao, there was a hall and in this hall there was a little desk for the “planton”

This night (graveyard shift) I was assigned to do “planton” work and to check the prisoners

As I had entered the Office, I could hear a prisoner screaming: “Help, help me, I can’t, see” For hours now he was screaming on the top of his voice and could be heard over the whole “Wilhelmina Plein”

My colleagues of the ended shift,

had told me that there was nothing wrong with the Irishman, who was brought in for public drunkenness, that he was just screaming to draw attention

After about 15 minutes on my post, I decided to go and have a look at the screaming Irishman

As I opened the little window in the metal door to the cell, I could see a barebacked balled chubby man standing. This man had something peculiar about him. He had no left eye, just an eye cavity. Where his left eye supposed to be, he had a hole

I opened the door and asked him: “what was wrong”

The Irishman stepped outside, stooped and picked up his false glassed ball eye that was lying on the ground, put in his mouth and most likely sucked it clean.

He then placed it in hole of his left eye and said: “Thank God, I can see again”

The exhausted Irishman went to sleep and the tranquility was returned to “Willemstad”.

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